

## Order of Service Good Friday 2020

*(A link to a video will be below that will include the entire service if you wish to watch it, or else you can follow on by print. You will however miss out on the dramatic aspect of the accompanying music, readings and other sound. You may want to print the order of service out to more easily follow the video instead of having to jump around on your computer. As usual please let me know if there are any problems.)*

**Light a candle before you commence.**

**Introductory music will play across sections from Isaiah 53:1-12**

*53:1 Who has believed what we have heard? And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed? <sup>2</sup>For he grew up before him like a young plant, and like a root out of dry ground; he had no form or majesty that we should look at him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire him. <sup>3</sup>He was despised and rejected by others; a man of suffering and acquainted with infirmity; and as one from whom others hide their faces he was despised, and we held him of no account... <sup>5</sup>But he was wounded for our transgressions, crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the punishment that made us whole, and by his bruises we are healed... Who could have imagined his future? For he was cut off from the land of the living, stricken for the transgression of my people. <sup>9</sup>They made his grave with the wicked and his tomb with the rich, although he had done no violence, and there was no deceit in his mouth... <sup>11</sup>Out of his anguish he shall see light; he shall find satisfaction through his knowledge. The righteous one, my servant, shall make many righteous, and he shall bear their iniquities.*

**HYMN** - TIS 341, vs. 1,3,5,7. My song is love unknown.

1

My song is love unknown,  
my Saviour's love to me,  
love to the loveless shown,  
that they might lovely be.  
O who am I  
that for my sake  
my Lord should take  
frail flesh, and die?

3

Sometimes they strew his way  
and his sweet praises sing,  
resounding all the day  
hosannas to their King.  
Then `Crucify!'  
is all their breath  
and for his death  
they thirst and cry.

5

They rise and needs will have  
my dear Lord made away;  
a murderer they save;  
the Prince of life they slay.  
Yet cheerful he  
to suffering goes,  
that he his foes  
from thence might free.

7

Here might I stay and sing,  
no story so divine;  
never was love, dear King,  
never was grief like thine.  
This is my friend,  
in whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
could gladly spend.

### **Opening sentences**

The echoes of cheering die away  
and the partying palm branches  
shrivel on the side of the road.

The glimpses of light on the way ahead  
flicker into darkness.

All that lies within the shadows and the emptiness  
waits to be entered, in its pain,  
its oppressions, and its deathliness. (*Silence*)

But one thing is never in doubt:

### **The Christ goes on in faithfulness.**

What waits within our hidden places?

Sometimes, Jesus the Christ, we never fully know.

We dread to search our souls,

in case we cannot bear

to touch the wounds which lie there,

and the betrayals of our hopes,

or the grieving we cannot bring ourselves to enter.

Within the hidden places we will find our own tears.

### **Prayer**

God of the journey's end, we know that any day can bring  
both sadness and hope. We are formed and transformed by  
experiencing the good in each day, and courageously facing  
the difficulties ahead. Draw us near to each other as you

draw us nearer to you, so we may share strength with those who have less and borrow courage from those who have more. Amen.

### **Hearing the Story**

(During this next section there will be a video clip with readings, music, sound to lead you through the story. If you can't or don't want to access the clip, the text is below.)

"I testify to the truth," Jesus said to Pilate.  
"What is truth?" Pilate asked

### **Teaching the Moon to Tell the Truth**

Learning-  
(to tell)  
the secrets  
you keep  
from yourself  
:::is a lesson the moon has learned  
in watching  
the tide rise in the eyes  
of a friend  
:::is an invitation  
for the stone in your deeps  
to learn to dance in the motion  
of blue, green, rush, sigh, hush and salt  
and to soften itself  
while it beats  
against the jagged pebbles you swallowed  
when you were starving  
for truth.

©Abigail Vizcarra Perez

*(The poem tells about the poet's experience of watching a friend's face when she recounts a sad story. She uses the idea of swallowing stones to describe the ways we take in all kinds of information about each other because we want to know the truth about a person.)*

### **Between two gardens**

*Based on John 18:1—19:42*

The day started in silence. Jesus took the disciples to a garden he knew, a quiet place where they could sit and pray and wait for what was about to happen. Judas knew the garden, too, and he came there with the soldiers, carrying lanterns and torches and weapons like they were going into battle.

Jesus spoke.

"Who are you looking for?"

"Jesus of Nazareth."

“I am he,” Jesus said. And the soldiers fell to the ground.

“Who are you looking for?”

“Jesus of Nazareth.”

“I told you that I am he. So, if you are looking just for me, let my disciples go free.” Peter took out a sword and went after one of the people with the soldiers. But Jesus said, “Put your sword away. It is time for me to drink the cup that God has given me.”

**(Pause for silence)**

The soldiers took Jesus to the high priest, and Peter and the disciples followed him, waiting outside the gate.

Someone asked Peter, “Are you one of Jesus’ disciples?”

But Peter quickly answered, “I am not,” and drew nearer to the charcoal fire the police had built outside the gate. For some reason, he felt very cold.

A police officer asked Peter again if he was Jesus’ disciple, and again he answered, “I am not.”

Finally, a slave asked, “Didn’t I see you in the garden with Jesus this very night?” For the third time, Peter said, “No.” And a rooster crowed.

**(Pause for silence)**

Meanwhile, inside the gate, the high priest asked Jesus about his teaching. Jesus answered, “I have said nothing in secret. Why are you asking me?”

The police slapped Jesus for being rude to the high priest. Jesus said, “Did I say something wrong? Why are you hitting me?”

They took Jesus to see Pilate, who asked him, “Are you the King of the Jews?”

Jesus answered, “Are you the one asking this? Or did others tell you about me?”

Pilate said, “I’m not a Jew! But your fellow Jews handed you over to me. What have you done wrong?”

Jesus said, “My kingdom is not of this world.”

“So, you are a king?”

“You say I am the king. But I say that I testify to the truth, and everybody who belongs to the truth listens to my voice.”

Pilate asked Jesus, “What is truth?”

But Jesus did not answer him. He had said all there was to say.

**(Pause for silence)**

Pilate said to the crowd, “You have a custom that I can release a prisoner this time of year. Shall I release this King of the Jews?”

But the crowd said, “No! Release Barabbas, the bandit.”

Pilate did not let Jesus go free. Instead, he told his soldiers to whip Jesus. The soldiers dressed him up in a ridiculous costume, a purple robe and a crown made of thorns, making fun of him, saying, “Hail, King of the Jews!” while they hit him in the face.

Pilate went out to the crowds, who cried, “Crucify him!”

Pilate said, “Crucify him yourselves; I find no case against him.”

The crowd said, “He has broken our law because he has claimed to be the Son of God.”

Pilate was afraid. He asked Jesus, “Where are you from?”

Why will you not speak to me? Don’t you know I have the power to release you or to have you killed?”

He brought Jesus out to the crowds and said, "Here is your king!"  
But the crowds said, "We have no king but the emperor. Crucify him!"  
So, they crucified Jesus on a hill under a sign which read, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," dividing his clothing among the soldiers.  
Jesus looked down from the cross and saw his mother Mary and the disciple he loved. He said to them, "From now on, you must be mother and son to one another."  
And so it was.  
Jesus said he was thirsty. But they gave him only sour wine.  
Then Jesus said, "It is finished," and he bowed his head and gave up his spirit.  
(Pause for silence)

**Sing** – TIS 339. O sacred head sore wounded verse 1.  
O sacred head sore wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down;  
O kingly head surrounded  
With thorns your only crown;  
Death's shadows rise before you,  
The glow of life decays;  
Yet hosts of heaven adore you  
And tremble as they gaze.

### **Prayer**

Let us gently cover the wounds that lie in this Holy life, knowing that, as we do, we are also receiving the gracious love of Jesus the Christ.  
God,  
We will cover our pain, our grieving, and our unforgiven failures.  
We will cover the injustices and rejections of the world.  
We will cover the violence of the world.  
We will cover the struggling life of our planet.  
Like the friends of Jesus in his day,  
we will gently cherish the Christ.  
We will now lay down the difficulties of life.  
We bring these burdens to this, the Body of Christ,  
for healing, comfort, forgiveness, and new life in the future.  
We will place it into the tomb of love and care.  
Amen.

**Sing** – TIS 345. Were you there when they crucified my Lord verse 1

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
O sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble;  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

**Meditation – epilogue.** *Roddy Hamilton*

So here we are,  
standing where we never thought we could,  
at the foot of death,  
crushed under the fickleness of humanity.  
The heart of heaven has stopped.  
All that hope,  
the dreams of peace,  
the promises of justice  
you so burned with,  
snuffed out, with a few nails and a cross beam.  
O Jesus,  
what do we do now?  
What is there left to do?

*Silence*

It is a cold place  
where the breath of heaven stops.  
It is a frightening place.  
It is a lonely place.

This is what the world does,  
to love,  
and then turns its back,  
rubbing its hands,  
finished with its final enemy.

O Jesus,  
what do we do now?  
What is there left to do?

*Silence*

The Saviour had died,  
and the future can seem lost,  
out of our grasp.  
Light is swamped.

O Jesus,  
what do we do now?  
What is there left to do?

*Silence*

What do we do now?  
We wait beyond eternity...

We hope beyond every hope we've ever had...  
We trust beyond belief...  
in a God who cannot leave it here.

(Whispered)

Don't be afraid, my love is stronger.  
My love is stronger than your fear.  
Don't be afraid, my love is stronger.  
And I have promised, promised to be always here.

(Extinguish the candle)